

JUNIOR RED CROSS

NEWS "I Serve"

October 1921



OUR line of duty is to serve,
United or alone,
Our country, state, community,
Humanity, and home.
Our country's laws we will obey
And raise her standards high,
And gather patriots to our ranks
As we go marching by.



Y clean, unselfish lives we aim
To make a better world—
Young citizens, and earnest ones,
With banner full unfurled!
And pressing ever on and on,
With eyes turned toward the Light,
Our labors will not be in vain . . .
For right, we know, is might.

Junior Song. Tune: Auld Lang Syne

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

by
Franklin K. Lane

THIS MORNING, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the Army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter! whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer."

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag."

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag."

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow."

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more."

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become."

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles."

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly."

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward."

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment."

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for."

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and en-

nobling hope."

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring."

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk."

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow."

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why."

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution."

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be."

"I am what you make me, nothing more."

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."



Corresponding With Many Lands

By Dorothea Campbell

The World, September 15, 1921.

DEAR JUNIORS OF AMERICA:

We have just learned that the Junior Red Cross of America is ready and willing to help us get acquainted, and we are waiting eagerly for letters from you. Won't you write us of America, of your home city or town, your school life, your games, your parks and monuments? We should love to have some pictures and postcards, too. In return, we will write you of our studies, our homes, our sports, and maybe send you some stamps, postcards and pictures. Will it not be wonderful to know each other? We are watching each mail for a letter from your class to our class.

Your friends in England, France, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Spain, Belgium, Albania, and Canada.

JUNIORS of America, do you know that, through arrangements now made, your school can correspond with boys and girls in all the above countries? And would it not be splendid to have real friends all around the world? Just think of the fun in translating a letter from your friends in Spain or France as a part of your language lesson some day, or imagine the interest in receiving a letter from the children you have been helping to support abroad! Think of the joy you could bring to your little friends in Roumania, who, we are told, make a real holiday when letters from America are received, memorizing the letters, making songs and rhymes about them, and at night sleeping with the precious epistles pinned securely in their little blouses. Can you imagine geography dull or uninteresting after receiving such a letter as the following from Holland?

"You all think that Holland has more water than land and that we are half mermaids. Do the books really tell you so? There is only one place in the whole of Holland where the streets are canals—where all the intercourse of the people and of things goes over water and where before every house there is a little bridge. The lands of the dykes are found only in the North and the West. Long, long ago it was all water in the North, but the sea has silted and as there was a piece which was so high that the sea didn't any more come over it, they built a dyke. So there are many dykes behind each other. The first dyke near the sea is called 'Waker,' who must defend from the sea the land behind him. The second is 'Dreamer.' He may not sleep for he must defend the land when the first dyke has succumbed; all the other dykes are called 'Sleepers.'"

If you want to have a part in this plan of international school correspondence, write to the Director



A sheaf of pages from an American school portfolio sent to a foreign school

of the Junior Red Cross in your Division and secure from him Pamphlet A. R. C. 610, revised, and an information card, and then start to work. Choose your country carefully; appoint certain groups from your class to collect interesting material, such as pictures, stamps, flags, pressed flowers, etc.; write your letter or description in the best way you can; then mount the pictures and bind all into a portfolio or scrapbook with the letters and send to the Director of the Junior Red Cross at your Division Headquarters. Remember to enclose the information card filled out in triplicate, so that your class may be paired with a class of corresponding grade. Also enclose enough postage for forwarding your letter and material to Paris office.

In reply you may receive an interesting letter such as the following which has come from our newest republic, Czecho-Slovakia:

"Dear Friends:

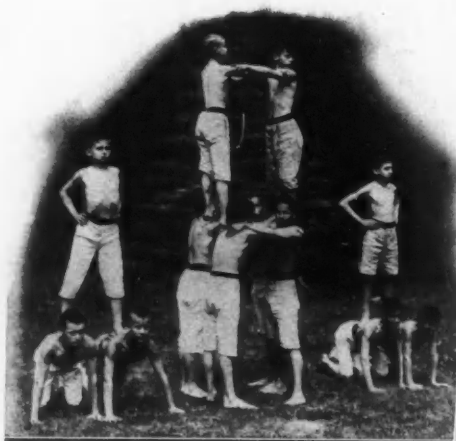
"First of all, receive our heartiest greetings. The spring sun is beginning to shine warmly. Fruit trees are in bloom, but before this, ere the first snowdrops can arrive, our whole nation bloomed with flowers, these flowers being the branches of the Red Cross in all schools.

"At that time, the President of our Republic, Father Masaryk, was ill. Even then he did not forget us. We were playing the health game. The President sent a greeting, telling us to love and help one another. Our President wishes that all the people in the whole world would love one another. You have helped us greatly and we thank you from our hearts.

"We hope that you will write to us, give us news as to how the Red Cross is flourishing with you. We greet you with our Czech 'Nazdar!'

PUPILS OF CLASS 5 C."

1The Czech greeting which means "Good Luck!" In the days before the Czechs were free these words had a patriotic significance, meaning: "Good luck to our country's cause!"



Czecho-Slovakian athletics



Prague exhibition showing children's handiwork



Miss Fanneal Harrison, who directed Junior work, at left, and Mme. Breshkovsky, Russian teacher



Little Czechs in native costumes posing for Juniors



Dr. Alice Masaryk, daughter of the President of Czecho-Slovakia, is President of the Czech Red Cross



A glimpse within the Bakule workshop in Prague



Another view of the Junior exhibit and exhibitors

A Festival in Prague

By Emily Harrison

PRAGUE, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia, is an old, old city. It dates back to the middle ages.

It has seen many festivals in its time; it has one for almost every day in the year, and yet a Junior Red Cross festival was Prague's first children's festival.

Perhaps that is why, on June 10 and 11, 1921, the whole city poured out to the exhibition grounds and into Machinery Hall where the Junior festival was held.

Imagine you are one of the crowd present at the opening exercise. The hour is early, nine o'clock, but already the big building is filled. There must be 50,000 children here—and we don't count the grown-ups. Everywhere flags are fluttering, everywhere you see the American and the Czecho-Slovakian flags together, and it is the work of American Juniors out here that has put the two flags together in the minds and hearts of the children of Czecho-Slovakia. The band is playing the Star-Spangled Banner. It is followed by the Czech national hymn and then comes the *Marching Song of the Juniors*.

There are present the representatives of the various ministries and departments of state, high government officials, and distinguished visitors from Paris and Geneva. The building is crowded with booths displaying the work of all Prague Juniors, both primary and secondary schools. The exhibits range all the way from handkerchiefs neatly hemmed by tiny tots, to dresses for twelve-year-old children made by high-school girls; from the simplest toys to office furniture. Boys and girls have done all this in the few months, in many cases in the few weeks, that they have been at work upon their Junior projects. The workers themselves are here, knitting, painting, carving, book-binding, basket-making, marketing the products of their gardens, making books for the blind, demonstrating first aid.

It is an uplifting experience—a Junior exhibition, if you have eyes to see not only the things but the thoughts back of the things. These piles and piles of children's garments—each single garment was made by a child for some other child. Those pretty pink dresses over there were made by ten-year-old girls and they are to go to a foundlings' home. In the pocket of each dress is a little letter that the maker of the dress has written to the child who is to wear the dress. Those outfits for boys, complete even to knitted caps and sweaters, are made to order. They are the work of a class of high-school girls. Each girl made a complete outfit for an orphan boy.

Most of the material for the making of all these garments was furnished by the American Juniors.



Daughters of Czecho-Slovakia are skilled needle-workers
Their laces and embroideries are known far and wide

It is interesting to see what the children have done with materials given them. For instance, those brown aprons over there are made out of comfort bags. So, also, is the boy's suit. It takes seven comfort bags to make a suit for a seven-year-old boy. The children have stitched the American flag on the sleeve. Those dark blue aprons with the red embroidery are made out of bandages. You see, the Juniors have salvaged much left-over war material.

A boys' school brought a country school to the festival. The children of this country school are poor and live far away in a little mountain village. These Prague Juniors are giving them two days of royal entertainment, showing them the festival and showing them the city. There is one exhibit from a country school six miles from a railway. The exhibitors, two little girls of about ten, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads, peasant-fashion, sit heavily on their chairs, as if very weary. These little girls were determined that the Junior work of their school should be exhibited at the Junior festival. The teacher said it was impossible. They packed the best of the things in two large baskets and started on the long road, on foot, before it was light. They reached the exhibition grounds by eight o'clock. They will ride home in the American Junior Red Cross car. That joy, to children who have never been in a car, will make up, many times over, for the walk of long miles.

The children here are most ingenious in cutting out and painting little wooden figures that represent the characters of fairy tale and legend and history and national life. You will find among them Saint Wenceslaus, the early hero-king, the goose girl with her line of geese, the goat herd, and those picturesque

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"He was known as the Red Cross Knight"

The Queen's Champion A School Play by Louise F. Bachie



"Una's face was lovely but very sad"

Characters

Mother.

Five children, two boys and three girls.

Country boys and girls, from ten to as many as the stage can accommodate.

City boys and girls, from ten to as many as the stage can accommodate.

Crippled and needy children of U. S., twelve children at least.

Foreign children representing Albania, Belgium, China, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Italy, Montenegro, Poland, Roumania. Two from each country; more if possible.

Optional characters.—The Queen Gloriana, the Red Cross Knight, Lady Una, and the Lion; the Monsters of War, Pestilence, Famine, Ignorance, Superstition, Jealousy, Selfishness, Hatred, and Crime; the serpent Falsehood, the magician Hypocrisy; the old witch Superstition; the evil counselors Idleness, Gluttony, Self-Indulgence, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath; the giant Pride; old man Despair. (Helps in costuming the various characters may be obtained from editions of Spencer's *Faerie Queene* for children.)

The Story Told by Mother

Once upon a time, children, dear, in the days when giants thrived and knights were bold and brave, there existed a court the fame of whose magnificence and chivalry was known everywhere. A Queen by the name of Gloriana ruled over it and because she was good and noble every one loved her and sought to do her bidding. Her knights were acknowledged the bravest and the best in all the world. Their deeds of courage were on everyone's lips. Each year the Queen held a great feast which lasted twelve days. No request that was made at this time was ever refused. It was in the midst of these festivities that there rode to the Queen's palace a fair lady on a white ass. Behind her came a dwarf leading a horse on which was placed the armor of a knight. The face of the lady was lovely but very sad. Making her way into the presence of the Queen she made known her distress and begged for help. She said that her name was Una and that she was a daughter of a king who once ruled over a powerful country. A wicked dragon had conquered the land and imprisoned her parents in a brazen castle. The lady besought, therefore, the good Queen to grant her a knight to fight and kill the dragon. The youngest in the Queen's company heard the story and craved on bended knee as a special boon that he might become the maiden's champion. The Queen gave her consent. Then Una brought forth the armor she had and put it on him. It was a magic armor. Its belt was Truth; its breastplate Righteousness; its shield was Faith. Clad in

this armor, the knight became the goodliest man in all the Fairy Queen's Company. Because of the red cross which he wore on his breastplate and on his silver shield, he became known as the Red Cross Knight, but the knight's real name was Service and the name of the maiden for whom he was to battle was love. The two rode forth into the world together. A forest lion accompanied the lady to assist in her protection. The way was long and beset with dangers of which they little dreamed. The great serpent Falsehood waited their coming, thinking to destroy them; the magician Hypocrisy was ever ready

with his clever disguises and deceitful tongue to beguile them from the right path; the old witch Superstition spread her snares to trip them; the evil counselors Idleness, Gluttony, Self-Indulgence, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath, were ready with their sneers and jeers to make the journey uncomfortable; the mighty giant Pride, puffed up with arrogance and deceit, boasted that they should not pass him and plotted their destruction; old man Despair kept his most honeyed words to entice them into his terrible pit which he had prepared for discouraged travelers. But as long as Love and Service kept together nothing could prevail against them. In the end they reached the den of the terrible dragon. Right and Might were with the Red Cross Knight and after a hard battle he slew the monster, and happiness and peace returned once more to the people of Lady Una! Then did the fame of the Red Cross Knight become known everywhere and the Queen Gloriana dubbed him her own true knight and the champion of all in trouble.

Oldest Boy (in the group jumping up and strutting around boastfully): Gee, but I'd like to be the Red Cross Knight. Bing! off would go the dragon's head.

Oldest Girl (in group rushing to his side). And I'd like to be Una.

Oldest Boy (grumblingly). Just a fellow's luck; though, the dragons and giants all got themselves killed years ago!

Mother. Oh, but you are wrong! There are bigger and more wicked monsters existing today than the world has ever known.

Boy (rushing back to his mother and throwing himself impetuously at her feet). Where are they?

Mother. No wonder you do not know. They are wily creatures. They assume many disguises and are known under many different names. There is the Monster War whose very name brings terror wherever it is heard. (War in the guise of a terrifying giant rushes across the stage, snorting and bellowing with rage. Children, frightened, draw close to mother.) Wherever War goes two awful creatures follow after. They are Famine and Pestilence. The victims that War does not claim, they seek to devour. Because the children are weakest, these cowards attack them first. (Enter Famine and Pestilence. Famine, a creature with a wolf head; Pestilence with a snake's head and long fangs.) Ignorance, Superstition, Jealousy, Selfishness, Hatred, and Crime, and a host of other monsters also exist today ever ready to work evil.

Boy (as the last monster leaves the stage). I'm not afraid! I'll fight them! They shall not hurt the children!

Mother. Bless you, and the millions of others like you! It is you that must guide the destinies of the world and help us out of the dark jungle of hatred and unhappiness. (A bugle sounds.) Listen, 'tis the call to service! Who answers? (A tramp of feet, a loud shout.)

"WE DO!"

(Music: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." In march a group of boys and girls. Boys in overalls and broad-brimmed straw hats; girls in sun-bonnets and gingham aprons. Boys carry tin lunch pails over their shoulders and farm implements in hand. Girls carry sewing bags and first-aid kits.)

Mother (to children at her knee). These are the children from the little red schoolhouses scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land. (Marching close on the heels of the country boys and girls come a group of city children; girls with sewing bags and first-aid kits, boys with books strapped over their backs and carrying carpentry tools and first-aid kits.) These are the boys and girls from the big red schoolhouses of our cities.

Boy (scornfully). Are these the champions who are setting forth to battle against the giants?

Mother. These are the ones.

Boy (springing up, and rushing in front of children). If you are true champions, present arms! (With one great flourish the boys hold forth garden tools, carpentry tools, and various first-aid devices; girls produce sewing needles, knitting needles, scissors, pens and letters, bandages, etc. Some of the smaller children rattle savings banks. Pantomime of work. Boys garden and work with carpentry tools, girls knit or



"After a hard battle he slew the monster"

sew; girls and boys give a first-aid demonstration.)

Mother. Behold, finer weapons has no man ever drawn! Upon the patience with which they are wielded depends the ultimate happiness and prosperity of many nations. These champions with Truth and Faith as their guides shall be able to overcome all obstacles, even as did Una and the Red Cross Knight of old. (A bugle sounds. Enter group of four boys; one carries a fife, one a drum, and one a U. S. flag, and the fourth a Red Cross flag. They lead the other children in a march about platform. Yankee Doodle is played. March leaves children standing in line formation on either side of platform.) The deeds of these boys and girls speak for themselves. Under our own Stars and Stripes the Juniors have released from the bondages of crutches, blindness, suffering, and unhappiness thousands of victims. (Music. Enter a band of children on crutches; some in rags; some blind; some worn and pale. They form a little group about the mother.) Across seas, over devastated places, journey our Juniors through many lands. In Albania they found the giant Ignorance, who for five centuries had kept the children from having schools of their own. Four schoolhouses now stand as monuments of their victory over this monster. (Tableau of Albanian children in native costume happily going to school.) In Belgium, our champions have lent a helping hand to the boys and girls until they have had time to grow stronger from the blows of Monster War. (Enter group of Belgian children in native costume, dancing and throwing flowers as they come.) In China the Juniors challenged the Monster Superstition in his dark, dark cave. When he refused to come out they bravely and boldly went in after him. "He shall not hold the people as prisoners any longer," said they. (Chinese boys and girls with banners of health come marching in.) To the new Republic of Europe. Czecho-Slovakia, the Junior champions have sent the

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Near the Cathedral, Rheims, France

SMILES—The Junior Crop

And harvest time is all the time
with Juniors—rain or shine, hail
or snow, wherever children grow



From Albania's mountain fastness



Amid black rocks of Montenegro



© Underwood
& Underwood



She's a boy—a Polish-Jewish boy



A French kind that won't come off



Grateful schoolgirl in High Albania



Happy Junior gardener in Poland



Not a Tartar—a jolly Russian



Paul
Thompson



An old-fashioned guffaw, Albania



Another type of Polish smile

Little Czech immigrant, New York



Genuine—near China's great wall



Chinese smiles in U. S. A.



Arabian bootblack's friendly grin



"The land of cotton," and corn



Part of the French farm-school crop

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The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time.

—Aiken

Enrollment Day! This is the time when schools are enrolling or re-enrolling as Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries, and when the girls and boys in these schools are enlisting or re-enlisting as individual members in the Service Army of Junior Red Cross.

Wouldn't it be a fine thing to signalize the beginning of the year's work by planning for an Enrollment Day in your school?

From Armistice Day (November 11) to Thanksgiving Day is the Annual Roll Call period for the American Red Cross—the period in which membership in the American Red Cross is renewed. It is hoped, however, that most of the schools will have enrolled or re-enrolled as Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries before November.

Before Nov. 1 an Enrollment Day program might happily be arranged, on somewhat the following order:

Singing by the entire school.

Story of the Red Cross—by a pupil.

Story of the Junior Red Cross—by a pupil.

Music—perhaps a Junior Red Cross song, such as the one on the cover of this number of the NEWS.

Short talk by the superintendent, the principal, the Chairman of the local Red Cross Chapter, or some other citizen, on the ideals of the Red Cross.

Presentation of a prospective Junior program for the school.

Reading of the Junior Red Cross pledge.

Signing the membership roll and receiving the Junior Red Cross button by pupils who have earned their membership in one of the three following ways:

1. By making individual contribution to the School Service Fund; 2. By taking definite part in school

projects to raise School Service Fund; 3. By performing significant service to school, community, or Chapter, the teacher to be the judge of services rendered.

Patriotic music.

Certain Preliminary Steps are necessary to make the Enrollment Day program a success. As soon as possible after school opens, committees should study the plans and program of the American Junior Red Cross as described in leaflets that can be obtained from the local Red Cross chapter; plan at least the beginning of a year's program for the school; make a start at raising a "service fund," and plan the program for Enrollment Day. By the time Enrollment Day arrives many pupils will thus have earned their right to membership.

If one hundred per cent membership has not been reached by Enrollment Day, it will be something to work for immediately after. There will also be work for the Juniors during the Annual Roll Call period, in giving many kinds of help to the Red Cross Chapter Roll Call Committee. By this time, also, your School Auxiliary should have under way an interesting program of activity, suggestions for which may be obtained in the pages of the NEWS, and from various available publications of Junior Red Cross.

One School Man's Views Writing in *The Rotarian*, official organ of the International Rotary Clubs, Mr. P. W. Horn, for many years superintendent of city schools in Houston, Texas, and lately made head of the American-colony schools in the City of Mexico, says:

"It was stated recently that one school superintendent in the State reported that he was 'too busy' to give any consideration to the Junior Red Cross. Busy doing what, we wonder? If the Junior Red Cross is what it used to be during the war, it furnished us the opportunity which for years we have been looking for, to motivate a large part of the work of our school children. If it does this, it is one of the most important developments in the schoolroom in recent decades. If it does not do this, it is at least worth a superintendent's time to consider its claims carefully, even if to no other end than to get the matter definitely out of the way."

OCTOBER'S SPLENDOR

Make way! They come! Down forest ways
Advance the glowing, splendid days!
Wild colors burn where they have passed—
Deep blue with white clouds scudding fast,
The sumac's flaunting scarlet flags
Red-flaring from gray hillside crags,
The oak-trees' rich and russet brown,
And on the far-off mountain crown
The plumed rock-pines that darkly frame
A maple's tossing golden flame!

—ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN.



"We'll betake us home along, hand in hand at evensong"

When Riley "Played Pretend"

THE MOST fascinating thing in the world is to hear Uncle Jim talk," said James Whitcomb Riley's little nephew. All children agreed with him, for all his life Riley remembered and liked the things that children like.

What fun he and his brothers and sisters had in the little frame house in Greenfield, Indiana, where he was born on October 7, 1849. They grew up in an atmosphere of fairy lore that made the spring woods and drowsy summer fields enchanted countries. But best of all Riley loved October—the frosty mornings when it "felt good" to gather round the kitchen stove while "Mommy" baked "Johnny-cake"; the hot noons when a walk became a glamorous venture through magic forests blazing with scarlet and gold and rich with treasures of nuts half-hidden in the fallen leaves. And then the chill of evening when "We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun!" What rollicking Hallowe'ens they must have had in the old kitchen—bobbing for apples, making Jack o' Lanterns, walking backward down the cellar steps, and later roasting apples before the crackling fire and "A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about . . . when the blaze is blue, an' the lamplight sputters, an' the wind goes 'woo-oo!'"

That childhood, so full of simple pleasures, always remained a vivid memory to him and his quaint whimsical spirit never grew too old to "play pretend."

He had an editor-friend who conducted a column of questions and answers and it was Riley's delight to propound to

By Ethel Blair Jordan him absurd questions such as: "Which had the best literary sanction, my dear Fuller, 'Pass me *them* molasses?' or 'Pass me *those* molasses?'"

One night Riley, Fuller, and others were having a supper. In the midst of it Riley pretended to recognize in Fuller one Tompkins, a butler whom he had dismissed for stealing. Mr. Fuller fell into the game instantly and with great remorse begged forgiveness of the Honorable E. Harold Ashby of Hightowers, Scrapshire, England. In this aristocratic character Mr. Riley forgave him and "Tompkins" waited on the table with a majestic manner which shed lustre on the supper of crackers, cheese, pickles, and chocolates. Occasionally Tompkins would forget himself and join in the conversation, but this always provoked a shocked reproof from the Honorable E. Harold Ashby.

Mr. Riley initiated the little-boy-who-lived-next-door into the joys of broomstick horses. Feeling that the little boy's riding lacked reality, Mr. Riley one day mounted a mettlesome steed rejoicing in the name of "Star Pointer" and galloped up the street, head erect, eyes flashing, and coat-tails flying in the wind! It would be difficult to say who most enjoyed this ride,

the little boy, Mr. Riley, or the kindly neighbors who watched the comrades trudging homeward hand in hand.

Riley has been called "The Children's Poet," but he might also have been called "The Beloved Poet," for there has rarely lived a man who had more warm friends—now only the fortunate ones who knew him personally, but millions of "folks" who never saw him.

LITTLE LESLIE-JANEY

Uncle Sidney's vurry proud
Of little Leslie-Janey,
'Cause she's so smart and goes to school
Clean 'way in Pennsylvany!
She print an' sent a postul-card
To Uncle Sidney, telling
How glad he'll be to hear that she
"Toock the onners in speling."

—James Whitcomb Riley.



They sign a pledge to take care of books

plenty of light. The spirit of America is still alive in Saint-Mihiel, and over the shattered windows of the old college hang the French and American flags."

Libraries for War-Waifs

THE JUNIORS are starting children's libraries in France. Three are now in operation and others are planned.

At Buzy there are 175 volumes on open bookshelves, and Junior Red Cross tables and chairs cut down to child-size. "The room is very attractive, with vases full of daisies and pink roses," writes a Junior Red Cross worker, "and the children sit down to read in the afternoons with a sigh of contentment."

The library at Fresnes-en-Woevre was opened on Memorial Day. "The little girls wore white dresses and veils and white wreaths," writes the Junior worker. "They fluttered from bookshelves to tables like wind-blown apple-blossoms. The room is bright with sunlight; it has cardboard walls, a rack of colored A B C books, and a bright poster. The furniture was sent by the Malden High School, Massachusetts, and was much admired and appreciated, especially when the children were told the story of the high-school boys staying after school to work on the tables and chairs. The children are enchanted with this new world of books, and the grown folks, too, are enjoying it.

"At Saint-Mihiel we chose a room on the first floor of the college, although the building is half in ruins. Window panes have been replaced by oiled paper, but the room is long and has

Italy Awards a Medal to Juniors

THE JUNIORS have been awarded a medal—not just an ordinary medal whose duplicates can be bestowed on many people—but a medal specially designed and made for the Junior Red Cross of America; and they owe it in part to the modesty and graciousness of their representative in Italy, Miss Hollingsworth Beach.

Some time ago the Italian Ministry of Labor indicated its desire to award Miss Beach a medal for the work she had done to assist two school ships in Venice and Naples. She replied that she was entitled to no personal credit, as she had merely been acting as the representative of the children of the Junior American Red Cross, who wished in every way to manifest their sympathetic interest in Italian children; she added that if the Ministry of Labor wished to strike a medal of gratitude to the Juniors of America she would be both happy and proud to transmit it to National Headquarters in Washington. In accordance with this suggestion the Italian Government awarded the medal to the Junior American Red Cross. It is a shining

silver medal attached to a ribbon of the green and red and white Italian colors and bearing on one side the inscription, "A Junior Red Cross per benemeranza," which means: "To the Junior Red Cross for merit," and on the other side: "Patronato Navi Asilo; Salviamo i fanciulli," which means in English: "Home-Ship patronage. Let us save the children."

The medal is now in the museum at National Headquarters, but it belongs to every Junior in America.

Special Days in October

October 2, 1889, First Pan-American Conference at Washington. October 9, 1871, occurred the Great Fire in Chicago, while on October 9, 1915, Fire Prevention Day was instituted. October 12, 1492, America was first sighted by a sailor on one of the ships of Columbus. October 14, 1644, William Penn was born. October 21, 1879, the first incandescent light was produced by Thomas A. Edison. October 22, 1915, the first wireless message was sent across the ocean from Arlington, Virginia, to Paris. First Parliament of Great Britain met October 23, 1707.



"To the Junior Red Cross for merit"

Columbus

(Apropos of Columbus Day, October 12)

By Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must
we pray,
For lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I
say?"

"Why, say: 'Sail on. And on.'"



Columbus' carack, "The Santa Maria"

The Yield of the Service Field

ROCHESTER County, New York, Juniors made 150 scrapbooks during the summer and sent them to children's hospitals.

Seventh Grade Juniors of an Atlanta school last year gave a Hallowe'en party for the children of the Georgia Home Society. The wall decorations and the black cat favors were made by the Juniors as a part of their school work.

Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, Juniors furnished the material from which the boys of three schools, located close together, made playground equipment which was used in common by those Auxiliaries.

New England Juniors collected flowers and grasses to be made into portfolios for the pupils of Albanian schools aided by the Junior Red Cross.

Milk and crackers are provided for undernour-

ished school children by the Juniors of New Brunswick, New Jersey. Last year they spent \$159 in that work, which is to be greatly extended this fall.

A vacation activity of San Juan, Porto Rico, Juniors is to be continued through the school year. They are supporting a day nursery in which the older Juniors assist in the care of the children.

Each of the Junior Red Cross sewing centers in Youngstown, Ohio, "adopted" a needy family and provided them with necessary clothing. The Juniors made thirty dresses, eleven blouses, seven shirts, and fourteen waists. Numerous worn garments were mended and distributed.



Junior funds gave assistance to Kern County Kiddies' Camp, California

A child who was kept out of school because she had no shoes to wear, was provided with both shoes and rubbers by the Juniors of a Richmond, Virginia, Auxiliary, and enabled to rejoin her class.

HINTS FOR THE DAY'S WORK

IT'S HARVEST TIME all over the world now, and in this issue of the NEWS there are stories and articles showing that the Juniors are getting in their service crops. All the material is classified here for schoolroom use.

For the Bulletin Board

Pin on the Bulletin Board "Smiles—The Junior Crop," pages 24 and 25; "The Editor's Letter to You," page 32; also the article, "Italy Awards a Medal to the Juniors," page 28, with its accompanying photograph; the vivid, inspiring cover, and the verses from the Junior Red Cross song.

Memory Work

"Makers of the Flag," page 18, is a prose poem worthy of being memorized by every patriotic boy and girl, for in spite of its several local allusions, its appeal is universal. It has an added value for Americans because it was written by Franklin K. Lane, the brilliant former Secretary of The Interior, whose recent death was mourned by the entire country. Of special interest to Juniors is the fact that, along with seven

years of service in the Cabinet, Mr. Lane devoted much thought to establishing community councils throughout the country, and for seven years was a member of the Central Committee of the American Red Cross. "October's Splendor," page 26, and "Columbus," page 29, are poems suitable for memorizing.

For Class Discussion

"A Festival in Prague," page 21; "Corresponding With Many Lands," page 19; "Libraries for War-Waifs," page 28; "The Yield of the Service Field," page 29; the enrollment day editorial on page 26, and "The Junior Book Corner," page 31, are good material for class discussion, as they contain excellent suggestions for various forms of Junior activity.

For the Reading Lesson

"A Festival in Prague," page 21; "When Riley 'Played Pretend,'" page 27; "The Queen's Champion," pages 22 and 23; "Corresponding With Many Lands," page 19; "Makers of the Flag," page 18; "Libraries for War-Waifs," page 28, are all good for reading aloud.

magic potion of health that the children may be healed from the wounds of Famine and Pestilence. (Enter group in Czecho-Slovakian costumes. Children go through a short health exercise.)

Along the edge of the battlefields, on the great highway and in secluded spots, our champions have ridden binding up the wounds caused by Monster War and bringing back health and happiness to thousands. (Enter a group of French children clad in school costumes—black aprons and caps; some rolling hoops, some carrying books and walking sedately along.) The sorrows of Hungary are as great as the monsters that have sought to destroy her. War, Pestilence, and Famine, each in turn have attempted to devour her. When it seemed as though she could hold her own no longer she heard a mighty shout. It came from the throats of millions of boys and girls in America. "We are coming to help you. We are the friends of all children. None shall suffer if we can help it." (Enter a group of Hungarian children dancing, with tambourines.) Under the sunny skies of Italy Junior Champions are aiding hundreds of children whom Monster War had robbed of parents. "They have suffered enough," said they, "Famine and Pestilence shall not have them!" (A group of Italian children enter singing "Santa Lucia" or some appropriate Italian song.) Among the rocky mountains of Montenegro the Juniors found hundreds of little ones whom Famine had dragged to the very mouth of her lair. These they rescued and gathered into shelter, even as the mothers everywhere gather up their children the better to guard and protect them. (Montenegrin children enter with hands on shoulders

The Queen's Champion

(Continued from page 23)

dancing the "Kola.") Famine stalked boldly about in Poland and few dared challenge her. Then in came our Junior Champions and said, "We are small in size but mighty in number. We throw down the gauntlet and take up our hoes and spades; gardens we shall start everywhere till Famine has not a place on which to camp." (A group of Polish children come marching in.) All through Roumania War had dragged its scaly body and let loose its poisonous breath. Thousands of little ones were left by the wayside weak and defenseless. Many of these the Junior Champions found and gathered into safekeeping. (Enter a group of Roumanian children.) Oldest Boy. I want to be a Junior Champion, too! Children (seated at foot of mother, spring up and join the Juniors shouting). And I! And I! And I! And I! (The littlest child calls last of all. Foreign children, crippled children, blind children, school children, children in nightgowns and pajamas, all form a big circle and dance to soft music.)

Mother (arising and addressing audience). Behold, the greatest and most powerful league the world has ever seen—The League of Children for Children. Hand in hand in friendliness may its number increase until it shall encircle the globe. Then shall happiness, peace, and prosperity come to all nations. (Children dance happily off stage in one great chain, holding hands, the tiniest night-robed figure last of all. As the children disappear the mother says prayerfully:) May God give us all, big and small, the strength to carry on!

Curtain.

There are Money-Making Suggestions for the Service Fund in

THE JUNIOR BOOK CORNER

FROM Armistice Day to Thanksgiving Day is the Annual Roll Call period of the American Red Cross. It is also the time in which girls and boys all over the land renew their school membership in the Junior Red Cross and pledge themselves to aid needy children wherever they may be found! All girls and boys desire to contribute as much as they can to their school's service fund, but just how shall they go about it? The following books offer suggestions!

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN EARN MONEY. By Colvin C. Bowsfield. (Forbes & Co., Chicago, \$1.)

How money may be earned by selling lists of names; developing a new business; homemade candies; basketry; raffia; photography; collecting and growing flowers; medicinal plants; cultivation of pop corn; vegetables; succession crops; asparagus growing; mushrooms; canning fruits and vegetables; preparing unfermented grape juice; caring for hedges; poultry; squab raising; Belgian hares and domestic rabbits; corn and pig clubs, and other proved ways.

HANDICRAFT FOR HANDY GIRLS. By A. Neely and Dorothy Perkins. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. \$2.)

"Through making use of pick-up materials, a girl will learn to be thrifty and resourceful; she will discover that it is not always necessary to spend money

to make things that are worth money." This book treats of salable articles made from wood, paper, cardboard, spools, cretonne, grass, raffia, corn-starch, and other inexpensive and easily obtained supplies.

THINGS WORTH DOING AND HOW TO DO THEM. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. \$2.25.)

Some of the things worth doing are: Punch and Judy shows; Hallowe'en entertainments; dance of Titania, Queen of the Fairies; Thanksgiving party; impromptu moving pictures for Thanksgiving; a wild west show on a table; roof picnic with brooks to cross and flowers to pick; how to get up a Girls' Fair; how to make Christmas decorations; the making of a bayberry candle; homemade candlesticks, and stencil painting.

HARPER'S INDOOR BOOK FOR BOYS. By Joseph H. Adams. (Harper & Brothers, N. Y., \$1.50.)

A book that treats of mounting and framing; Venetian and Florentine metal-work; metal bound-work; decorative hardware; wire-work; gas and electric shades; relief etching; clay-modeling and plaster-casting; pyrography; book-binding; magic lanterns and stereopticons; printing, stamping, and embossing; painting, decorating, and stenciling; nooks for books; clocks and time pieces; screens, shoe-boxes and window seats, and other household articles and conveniences.

figures of an earlier time, now so rapidly passing away, the piper, the tinker, and the village night watchman. Of course there are plenty of "costume figures," painted absolutely true to life. Everything sold at the exhibition goes to swell Junior funds. But not everything is for sale. Most of the garments are destined for particular children or children's institutions and, likewise, most of the toys, and some of them you will find marked with a card, "For the American children." These gifts from the Czech children to the American children will go to Washington and be placed on exhibit there and, afterwards, they may go as a traveling exhibit to the schools.

While we've been seeing all these interesting exhibits, we've been missing theatrical performances, national songs and dances, band concerts, marionette shows, movies, and athletic stunts.

There's a theater. So many schools wanted to give plays that an entire building had to be devoted to the purpose. A different dramatic performance is staged every hour. The Little Legionaires' play, "The Spirit of the Red Cross," is a dramatization of all the Junior activities. The Little Legionaires are children from one of the poorest districts of Prague and American Juniors are building for them a Neighborhood House

A Festival in Prague

(Continued from page 21)

with all modern equipment with workshops, shower baths, and gymnasium; and here, after school hours, the children will gather

and under competent teachers learn a useful trade and all manner of happy things.

Czech children have a passion for marionette shows. They build their own marionette theaters, write the plays, make the characters, and then manipulate the puppets and say the lines. All marionette shows at the festival are always crowded.

On the big stage, in the center of the building, a dance is going on with the children dressed in national costumes, and on the racing track, just in the rear of the building, high-school boys are conducting a Greek and Roman fight. The buffet is conducted by girls from one of the secondary schools. They are having a great run on their ginger cookies that are ornamented with the red cross on white icing.

This festival is really a great demonstration of what children can accomplish when they work happily and whole-heartedly under wise direction. One of Czechoslovakia's leading educators, after seeing it, said, "Give us ten more years of such education and it will re-make this country."

American Juniors, think! Ten years of being faithful to Junior ideals might re-make the world!

The Editor's Letter to You!

DEAR JUNIORS:

There is a picture on this page that represents an idea. Radiating in the midst of world events, this idea is tremendously big.

You have heard not a little about "hands across the sea" and world-conferences for the grown-ups, but here is a bright and joyful picture of hands-around-the-world for the children—the millions and millions of girls and boys, as alive and as real at this moment as you are yourselves, who are as ready and willing as you to live always on the most friendly terms with everybody. It is natural to start life that way, and it is the mission of people who are awake, and particularly of the Junior Red Cross, to help to keep everybody in that state of mind; not merely to start right, but to *keep* right.

But there are facts about the picture which should be peculiarly interesting and encouraging to you Juniors. One of these—the less-important, perhaps, but a delightful thing to know—is that the picture was painted by a boy-artist in a school for cripples which has been assisted by your organization. His modesty and loyalty to his school are such that he inscribed on the original, not his own name, but the name of his school, the Bakule School, in Czecho-Slovakia. Isn't it an exquisite piece of workmanship aside from the beautiful thought back of it? Half close your eyes and look at it, and it will seem to have a halo—a golden aura—around it.

Now hear the significant and most encouraging thing about it! This picture means *results*. It is undeniable evidence that a harvest is growing, and, in places, ripening, because you—*you Juniors of America*—have planted. It means that a Czecho-Slovakian Junior Red Cross, patterned after the American Junior Red Cross, has been organized in the schools of the new republic of Central Europe; that it is actively engaged in doing for children many of the helpful things that you are doing through your Junior Auxiliaries in the United States, and that Czecho-Slovakia has a Junior Red Cross News of its own. With 165,000 members in their first enrollment, in one year these idealistic Slavic people have vitalized their national school life with a Junior program of unselfish service and cleanliness which is renewing and developing the minds and bodies of thousands of young people.

This achievement crowns two years of trail-blazing or way-showing service given to the girls and boys of

Czecho-Slovakia by the 5,000,000 girls and boys of the American Junior Red Cross. This service consisted of a summer outing for hundreds of war-waifs, a home for the Bakule School, a health game in the schools which reached 70,000 girls and boys, and a club for children of the slums. This pioneer work, together with assistance given to the League of Red Cross Societies in the formation of the Czecho-Slovakian Junior Red Cross, was managed by a young woman representative of you Juniors of America who so adapted herself to Czecho-Slovakia that Czecho-Slovakia came very near to adopting her outright.

It is JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS' policy to point to works rather than to workers, but there is a strong temptation to depart from the rule here. You can know, however, that the bond of cordial good will previously existing between

the people of Czecho-Slovakia and of the United States has been developed by your representative in that country and her assistants into a pure and lasting love for America and Americans.

So, out of the heart of Czecho-Slovakia comes this beautiful symbol of

the Junior Red Cross when it shall have been organized in all countries. In itself this picture is a tribute to those who have interpreted the Junior mission for you in Europe. The Junior idea is so good, thinks this Czech boy,

that all mankind must share in it. And all mankind is beginning to share in it, for already Canada, Australia, China, Switzerland, Poland, and Hungary have organized their girls and boys, and Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Bulgaria, and Portugal have plans laid to bring their schools into the movement—into a league of children, engaged in unselfish service for children and in inter-school correspondence, that may truly encircle the globe and hasten the mutual understanding and sincere cooperation of all peoples for world betterment.

"The hope of the world is in the younger generation," writes Sir Philip Gibbs, in the English edition of his book on America, "People of Destiny." "Civilization, as I see it, can only be saved by its children, and not by them if they are brought up like their elders, in the same narrow way. . . . This scheme of the Junior Red Cross of America is inspired by that vision of moral training which may lead us out of the dark jungle of old passions between nation and nation, and people and people."

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.

